

THE GHOST IN THE SEDAN-CHAIR.

An Old-Fashioned Girl Tells a Story of the Real True Love that Is No More.

ONCE SWEETHEARTS WERE ADORED.

But the Half-Man Girl of the Present Day Has Taken All Sentiment Out of Life.

By MARIE CORELLI.

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FIFTEENTH ARTICLE OF SERIES.

How to Have a Beautiful Face.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

PAINT AND POWDER, WHEN TO USE THEM.



APPLYING THE LIQUID ROUGE WITH A BIT OF COTTON



DARKENING THE EYE LASHES WITH MASCHERO



MAKING UP THE LIPS WITH THE GRENADINE STICK



ARCHING THE EYE-BROWS WITH THE EYEBROW PENCIL



DRY ROUGE IS APPLIED WITH A HAIR-BOOT BRUSH



DRY ROUGE IS APPLIED WITH A HAIR-BOOT BRUSH

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

The writer buys a sedan chair which she places in her drawing-room. One evening the ghost of a beautiful girl appears in the chair. She begins speaking in praise of the superior love and constancy of old-fashioned women over those of the present day.

CHAPTER II.

Love as it Used to Be.

"Education that makes a woman prefer hotels and restaurants to her own home is not education at all," said the Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Girl, with a decided nod of her pretty head. "Oh, dear! What a pity it is!—what a pity! It makes me quite sad to think of all the happiness women are losing!"

She gave her little muslin skirts a soft shake, and settled herself more cozily in the Sedan-Chair.

"I remember," she said, and her voice was as sweet as that of a bird in spring-time—"I remember going in this very chair to a grand Court ball in London. I danced with the Royal party in 'Sir Roger,' and I was one of the belles of the evening. I was dressed very much as I am now, and none of the girls there had anything better or more showy—but their admirers were legion, and any of them could have mar-

truly loved by a whole man—remember that!"

Again she settled her pretty muslin skirts, and nodded her fair head, "sunning over with curls," well out of the interior of the Sedan-Chair.

"In the old unprogressive days," she said, "we certainly did not have much liberty. We were held as too precious and too dear to be allowed to straggle about by ourselves like unvalued tramps in the highways and byways. We stayed very much in our own homes, and were proud and pleased to be there. We helped to make them beautiful. We loved our old-fashioned gardens. We played 'battledore and shuttlecock,' which is exactly the same as your 'ping-pong'—save that you have a net in the middle of the table and play with balls—and we tossed our shuttlecocks up to the blue sky. We walked and rode, and found in these two exercises quite sufficient relaxation as well as development for our bodies, which, if you will please to remember, are not intended to be in the least like the bodies of men, and are by no means fitted for masculine gymnastics. We had neither cycles nor motors, we did

Because I explain how paints and other cosmetics are used, and the face I beg my readers not to conclude that I applaud or approve their usage, except for professional women and in exceptional cases where art can overcome natural defects or simulate a freshness where a faded face means unhappiness, neglect, or loss of a position.

It is perfectly useless for any one to take the stand that paints and powders or the use of them betoken depravity and wickedness. Women have painted their cheeks, blackened their eyes and whitened their noses since time began. And I may claim to know something about it, as I have probably read as much on the subject and studied more than the average person concerning the origin and the use of cosmetics.

A good many women and about a thousand times as many men as women, regard paints and powders as the direct invention of his Satanic Majesty, and because also they know so little about cosmetic values, these best of women sometimes do make sad spectacles of themselves.

But one thing I insist upon. It is a woman's affair and every woman should be permitted to judge for herself as to the question of cosmetics.

as far as the corner is not to be recognized on sight.

I think it would be very much better for the community at large if she were, I am not upholding bedizened faces, but I am bound to say some of the most generous-hearted, self-sacrificing women I have ever known have been perfect geese when it came to the "How to be Beautiful" subject and the easy mark of the complexion fakir. The sweetest women—the dearest and the best—are intensely feminine.

They want to look pretty—they want to be admired. They are keenly sensitive to praise and harsh criticism. Because they know how much their happiness depends on their looks and because also they know so little about cosmetic values, these best of women sometimes do make sad spectacles of themselves.

But one thing I insist upon. It is a woman's affair and every woman should be permitted to judge for herself as to the question of cosmetics.

Rubbish! The woman you can't trust.

Please recollect that I am speaking of women, not of young girls. Artifice and youth should never join hands.

There never was, and there never will be, a skin cosmetic made that can improve on nature when nature has been kind.

And when that much-quoted mother of ours has been forgetful, or even a bit selfish, the remedy in youth does not lie in paints and powders.

After a certain age, when a woman has lost her youthful freshness, and when, as is too frequently the case, she sees her charm lessening for her husband, I believe it is a duty she owes to herself to repair the damages wrought by time and care as skillfully as she can. If to effect this end a little powder, or

even a touch of pink, is required, I commend the woman who has the courage to resort to what after all is a very harmless little effort, often a pathetic one, to keep a man's allegiance.

I will join a crusade against cosmetics when I cease receiving letters from women—good, honest wives, whose husbands are domestic tyrants who will not permit them even to use a face powder, and who themselves (the husbands) follow in the wake of a bleached blonde or a painted brunette, giving the artificial beauty the devotion and attention their wives have a right to.

When man—I am speaking of the sex in general—will place a premium on faces guileless of cosmetics, when natural shades of hair stand any sort of chance with acquired mahogany and

golden shades in his lordship's estimation, as proved by his lordship's actions, then you may look for the closing of the Beauty Department, for I shall have retired from my enforced position. Meantime it may amuse my women friends to know that barbers all over the country are touching up men's beards and heads with peroxide—"hot much, you know, just enough to brighten the color a little."

Also men use powder, they wax their mustaches; they dye their beards and heads.

They are just as anxious to look nice and just as willing to resort to artifice as women. So there! But I have almost forgotten I was to tell you about paints and powders.

Well, first of all, don't use paint unless there is a real need. If you are hideously yellow, if you are going to a ball or to a theatre, where the electric lights will make your pale face ghastly, and

there is a man in the case, you can, by using a certain liquid rouge, acquire a pretty blush that is positively imperceptible and will not rub off.

The rouge of which I speak is the most wonderful of the recently made cosmetics.

If your eyebrows are defective, thin, faded, or of a pale shade, you can greatly strengthen and improve your appearance by having them darkened.

Dyeing the eyebrows is the best process and if skillfully done no one can tell the dyed from the naturally dark colored features.

The eyebrows can also be temporarily darkened by the aid of the cosmetic pencil, easily obtained of any cosmetic dealer.

Dry rouge, which is effective enough for amateur theatricals or tableaux, is best applied with a hair's foot. The stick is best. Be very careful not to get too much on.

The eyelashes are made to look luxuriant by using a preparation called maschero, which is applied as shown in the illustration, with a tiny brush especially made for the purpose.

Mrs. Ayer's next lesson will be on wrinkles, how they are caused and how prevented.

BY THE FIRE-LIGHT.



READING THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL'S LOVE LETTER.

ried well the very next day, not because they were rich, for most of them were poor, but just because they were sweet and innocent and good. None of them would have thought of spilling their fresh faces with paint and powder—that was left to what were called "women of the town." None of them ever thought of drinking wines or spirits. None of them ever spoke or laughed loudly, but comported themselves with gentleness, unselfish kindness and grace of manner. And will you tell me that things are just the same now?"

Her eyes met mine with a penetrating flash.

"No, they are not the same," I said.

"Yes, you would not wish the world to stand still, would you? Girls have progressed since your day!"

She nodded gravely.

"Yes? Tell me how!"

"Well for instance"—and I sought about desperately in my mind for examples of woman's progress—"for instance, they enjoy greater freedom. They get more open-air exercise. They play tennis and golf and hockey with the men!"

The Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Girl gave a slight, a very slight and not unmusical giggle.

"Then they are not at it, and very ugly they look! But their sports do develop muscle—very unbecomingly in the neck—and they do induce the growth of horribly large hands and feet! Oh, yes! Let's have some more progress!"

A trifle disconcerted I went on.

"Then they cycle?"

Here the Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Girl put up her fan again.

"Pray—pray!" she remonstrated—"I really must ask you to consider me a little, and avoid any conversation that borders on impropriety!"

"Impropriety!" I echoed aghast. "But all the girls cycle!"

"That is to say," said the Ghost with asperity, "that all the girls have become shameless enough to sit astride on a couple of wheels and thus expose themselves to the gaze of the public. A hopeful state of things, truly! Well! Give me some more progress!"

"Then," I said, "there are plenty of girls who smoke and drive motor cars and bet on horse races and gamble at 'Bridge.' You may object to this sort of thing, being so much behind the age; but, after all, you must own that it brings them into free and constant companionship with the other sex."

"It does," said the Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Girl decidedly, "and such free and constant companionship breeds contempt on both sides! Now let me tell you something! Do you know what all the best men like most?"

I laughed and shook my head in the negative.

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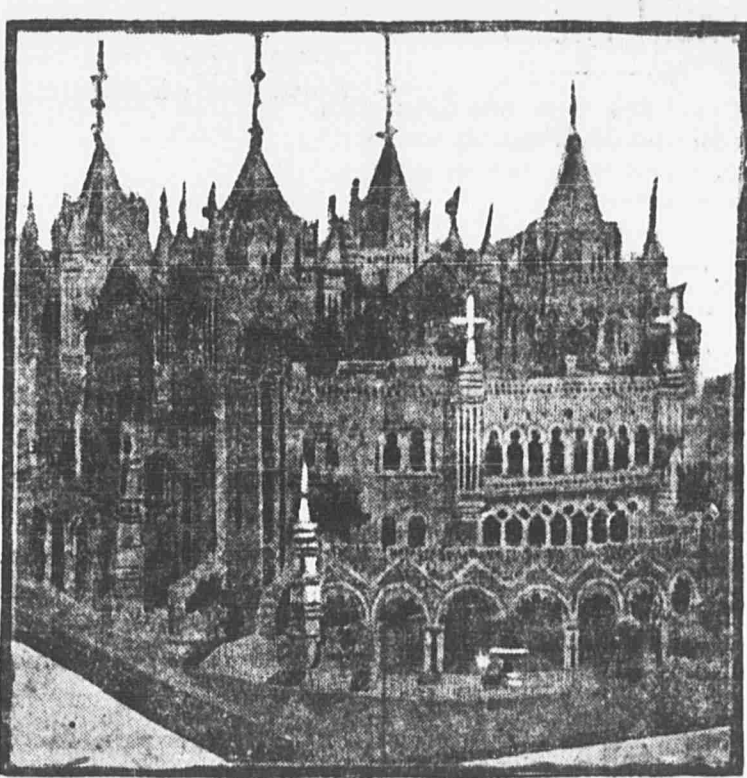
This charming kimono is of Japanese figured charme with bands of plain silk and includes, in addition, a novel sash of the silk that is passed round the lower body. It is fitted at the waist and held by a big rosette with long ends.

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Pattern No. 4243 is cut in three sizes—small is 32 inches, medium is 36 inches and large is 40 inches bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

A HOUSE WITHOUT STAIRS.



It is easy to imagine a house without stairs if elevators are permitted, but this building—which as yet exists only on paper and in model—is to have neither elevators nor stairs, though its different sections are three, four and five stories high. The rooms are simply arranged in spiral form around a central space, and each room is just four inches higher than the preceding. There are 152 rooms, so that the last is fifty feet above the ground. The whole thing is planned on a circle. Each room contains 640 square feet, equivalent to 1320 feet, and in the centre is a hall or theatre of 7,400 square feet—say, 75,000 feet. But the designer, who hails from Frankfurt, Germany, insists that great size is not an indispensable condition of staidness. The rooms might be smaller and a light well might replace the theatre.

FISH THAT TAKE A WALK.

LIKE BOTH LAND AND WATER.

There are several fish that "walk."

One, the jumper (salari) of the East Indies, is only about four or five inches long. It jumps out of the sea and scrambles over the rocks with great agility, picking up insects. It is hard to catch even when it is on shore.

The "four eyes" (anableps) of the West Indies is another fish that walks. Each eye is divided into two separate portions by a transverse bar of opaque matter. The natives think the upper half enables the fish to see in the air while with the lower half he sees through the water. The four eyes leave the water and enjoy themselves strolling on the moist beach. On the approach of any one they run down into the water. There they swim about with their heads above the surface, says the Little Chronicle. As soon as the coast is clear they run in on an incoming wave and go to star-gazing again. Kingsley says they do "anything but behave like fish."

The little shanny (blennioides) can live for a whole day (twenty-four hours) out of the water, can climb rocks and make considerable progress over the land. It lives mostly on rocks.

In India is a snake-like fish (ophichthys) that is often found in grass after rain. It buries itself in soft mud, but has to come to the surface often to breathe, as it requires so much air. There are sacs on the sides of the head which hold water and keep the gills moist, so it can remain a long time on shore. Its flesh is considered a great delicacy, but many Europeans dislike to eat it, as it looks so much like a snake.

India has another excellent traveler among its fish—the climbing perch—*anabas* candens. It is provided with organs that moisten the gills and enable it to live many days out of the water. It lives mostly in the soft mud. When the ground in which it has buried itself gets dry it crawls by the use of its fins to a moist place. It often happens that the fish fall into deep holes made in soft mud by large animals. If the hole is too deep and contains no water the poor fish dies there or is captured by magicians who travel about the country and use these fish in performing tricks. There are low palm trees growing there with rough trunks up which the fish are said to climb. Large projections are left when the old leaves drop. These places hold considerable dew water, in which the fish are said to find insects floating. These fish are also found in the Philippine Islands.

BARROW RACE WITH DEATH

Walter N. Gilmore, of San Francisco, had consumption, but thought his lease of life was not nearly run out. Some of his friends were frank enough to express a contrary opinion, whereupon Mr. Gilmore offered to bet \$500 that he could wheel a barrow to Omaha before the grim messengers overtook him. The bet was made and he started. At last accounts he had reached Pueblo, Col., in good shape. When he started he weighed 111 pounds; at Pueblo he tipped the beam at 135 and was still taking on flesh.

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